

THE
Statesman's Progress:

OR, A

PILGRIMAGE TO GREATNESS.

Delivered under the Similitude of a DREAM.

Wherein are discovered,

The Manner of his Setting out. His
dangerous Journey, and safe Arrival at
the desired Country; with the Manner
of his acting when he came there.

By JOHN BUNTAN. R

*Hic murus abeneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*

HOR. Epist. 1.

LONDON:

Printed, and *Dublin* Re-printed in the YEAR
MDCCLXI.

THE

State's Progress:



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Delivered under the similitude of a DREAM.

Wherein are discovered,

The Manner of his setting out. His dangerous Journey, and late Arrival at the desired Country; with the Manner of his acting when he came there.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

The manner of his setting out,

His dangerous Journey, and late Arrival at

the desired Country.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by R. B. in the Year 1658.



would not have your Honour
think that I flatter you in hopes
of a (great) Honour.
I assure you, that I entertain
no such hopes, but what I say
Right Hon^{ble} Person.

S I R,
AS your Honour at this
Time affords Matter
of Employment for
the Wits and Pens of a great
many Writers, I know not any
one to whom I can more pro-
perly dedicate the following
Sheets, than to your Honour.

A 2

And

And I take this Opportunity of acquainting you publickly of my great Concern for your Prosperity and Welfare. I

would not have your Honour think that I flatter you, in hopes of a Present from your Honour: I assure you, that I entertain no such Hopes, but what I say to you proceeds from the same uninterested Affection which the rest of your generous Countrymen bear you, out of a deep Sense of the many invaluable Blessings they have received from your wife and prudent Administration, which surprizes the whole World.

Y^{OUR} many excellent Virtues and Qualifications give me

And

such

such

such an Field to expatiate in,
that, were I to mention them,
I am afraid it would look too
much like Flattery, or Irony;
therefore I omit to speak of
your indefatigable Pains for
the Good of your Country: I
pass over your wise Schemes
and prudent Measures: I say
nothing of your private Vir-
tues, which only your intimate
Friends are best acquainted
with: I acknowledge myself
quite unfit to celebrate your
Praise, but leave that for those
more able Hands, whose daily
Business it is to transmit the
Fame of your Virtues to us in
half Sheets, in those elegant
and sublime Compositions,
which

which I (inspired by no such Motives as they) cannot reach. What can come up to the Loftiness of the Sentiments and Diction, wherein they satirize your Enemies? What can equal the strength of Reasoning, and solidity of Sense, that appears in their Defence of all your Honour's Proceedings? 'Tis to them we are beholden for the Knowledge of most of the Advantages and Services we have received from you, which else we should never have known or taken Notice of. 'Tis they that let us into your real Character by Contraries. If it had not been for them, we should never have known

known the Service that the late Cony^u did us, nor the Advantage that a Standing Army is to us; and many more, which we should have been ignorant of, and which I have not Room, answerable to my Inclination, to expatiate upon.

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If the following Sheets do but afford you any Diversion, or can be serviceable to you in any, even the lowest Degree; if they have but the Honour of kissing your Hands, I shall be satisfied for my Trouble, and think that I have not wrote in vain.

To

known the Service that the
To conclude, that your Ho-
nor's Virtues and great Mer-
its may meet with the Reward
they deserved his hearty
Prayed of every honest English
man, and of none more, than
 Inclination, to expiate upon

S I R,

If the following Sheets do
 but **your Honours** and
 or can be serviceable to you in
 any, even the lowest Degree;
 if they have but the Honour of
 I shall be
JOHN BUNYAN,
 fatigued for my Trouble, and
 think that I have not wrote in

vain



THE
STATESMAN'S Progress;
OR, A
PILGRIMAGE to GREATNESS.

ONE Evening I happened to meet with a Book called *The Pilgrim's Progress*; and being at that Time in an indolent Humour, I sat down and read therein, till I went to Bed. In my Sleep, my Imagination, revolving over some of the Passages I had been reading, presented me with the following Dream.

METHOUGHT I was in a Field near a Country Village, and while I was looking round me, I saw a Man come into the Field, and throw himself down upon a Bank, crying out,
B *What*

*The Statesman's Progress : Or,**Badman
in Trou-
ble.**Fear
comes to
Badman.*

What shall I do! oh, what shall I do!
 And methought I saw a Man running
 with all Speed towards him, and as
 he run, he frequently turned his
 Head and looked behind him, and his
 Name was *Fear*; and he came up to
 the Man who lay upon the Bank, and
 asked him, What the Matter was
 with him? He told him, That he
 had been guilty of many Crimes in
 that Village, and durst not stay for
 Fear of Punishment. Where are you
 going said *Fear*? Indeed, Sir, said
 the Man, I don't know. But any
 where from this Place. Fly then,
 said *Fear*; for behold! a great many
 Men are running this Way, and seem
 to have a Desigh upon you. See!
 they are just upon us.

*Badman
begins his
Journey.**Fear
leaves
Badman.*

So *BADMAN* (for that was
 his Name) got up, and *Fear* and he
 ran together, 'till the Men who pur-
 sued them, being weary, were turn-
 ed back to go Home. Then *Fear*,
 bidding *Badman* Farewel, left him.

BADMAN went on, 'till he
 came to a great Road, where there
 were

A Pilgrimage to Greatness.

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were many Travellers, and I observed that there was a narrow Lane which turned out of the great Road on the right Hand: It was called *Virtue-Lane*. At the Entrance of it, there stood a Man named *Truth*, and he went up to all the Passengers that came by, and told them, saying, This is the Way to *Happiness*, and they did not mind him; but went on their Way. Some, indeed, looked down the Lane, but not liking it, they kept on where they were. When *Badman* came up to him, he asked him, Where he was going? *Badman* replied, He could not well tell; but that he had heard of a delicious Place called *Greatness-Hill*, abounding with every good Thing; and that he had a great Desire to reach thither. *Greatness-Hill*, said *Truth*, is a desirable Place, if a Traveller arrive at it by the Road of *True Merit*; but it is a little difficult, and few aim to go that Way. But come along with me, and I will shew you the Way:

Truth
meets with
Badman.

B 2

So

So *Badman* followed *Truth* a very little Way, but was soon tired with the Ruggedness thereof; for it had been long disused; and asked *Truth* if there was not a nearer and easier Way to *Greatness-Hill*? *Truth* answered and said, There was, and it was called *Vice-Road*; but no Traveller, who valued his Reputation, cared to be seen to go that Way; for it was the Road that all Pick-pockets and Highway-men, and People who had neither Regard for Honour or Conscience, took. Surely, said *Badman*, that or any Road must be better than this; for my Feet have never been used to such a Road as this. Have Patience, Man, said *Truth*; the Way will mend upon us anon, and you'll like it when you're used to it. But, said *Badman*, I love Company of all Things; and I see not one living Soul in this Road, but you and I. Peace, Man, said *Truth*, are we not then sure to have it all to ourselves, and need not fear being jostled into a Ditch? But this was once the only Way, I'll assure you.

Now

A Pilgrimage to Greatness.

3

Now I observed, that what was ^{Some-}remarkable in this Road was, that it ^{thing re-}appeared, and was, to Strangers, ve- ^{markable}ry rough, slippery, and uneasy to tra- ^{in Virtue-}vel; but to those who were used to, ^{Road.}and well acquainted with it, it was quite smooth and pleasant. The former *Badman* more and more experienced as he proceeded, and again complained of it to his Guide; but *Truth* told him, if he would but ^{*Badman* don't like the Road.}have Patience to hold out to the End of the Journey, he would not think his Pains too much. Besides, said he, it will seem easier and pleasanter, when you have walked some Time in it. I wish I may find it so, said *Badman*, for I think it is the worst Road I was ever in in my Life. So he went on slipping and stumbling, till he came to a Hill called *Honesty*, ^{*Badman* attempts to pass}which he made several faint Efforts ^{*Honesty-*}to get to the Top of, but in vain; ^{Hill.}for it required more Pains than he was willing to take; for he seemed not to like the Soil, tho' it was very pleasant to the Eye; and not so difficult to several others, as to him; for

The Statesman's Progress: Or,

for then he came in Sight of more Company, but such as he cared not to enter into Conversation with; and they went up the Hill with a great deal of Pleasure. Among whom was *Mr. Worthy*, *Mr. Patriot*, *Mr. Good-man*, *Mr. No-bribe*, *Mr. Honest-man*, *Mr. Vote-right*, and several others. *Badman*, however, tho' he would not take the Pains, was vexed to be left behind, and falling into a Passion, swore he would go no further, and turned his Back to go out of the Lane. Nor could all the Persuasions of *Truth* get him to go on. So *Truth* left him, and never came near him afterwards. And I observed, that tho' he stumbled and slipped so often as he went forward, yet he returned back with much more Ease and Satisfaction the same Way, than he advanced; and methought he soon got out of *Virtue-Lane*: And then coming in Sight of *Vice-Road*, What a Fool was I, said *Badman*, to let a Fellow lead me by the Nose, I know not whither, thro' a rough troublesome Road, when here is such a fine pleasant Way, and so much good

Cannot
accom-
plish it.

Truth
leaves
Badman.

A Pilgrimage to Greatness.

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good Company as there seems to be?
I am resolved I will not be put out
of my Way again.

So he walked on till he came up ^{*Badman*}
with two Gentlemen, named Mr. ^{*overtakes*}
Prodigal and Mr. *Proudman*, who ^{*Prodigal*}
were travelling the same Way: Your ^{*and Proud-*}
Servant, Gentlemen, (for *Badman*
was a very complaisant Man, tho' he
affected sometimes to be thought a
plain Countryman). Your Servant,
Sir, said they again. Pray, Gentle-
men, where does this Road lead to?
It goes to *Greatness-Hill*, Sir; but
why that Question? Sure you must
know whither you are going. In-
deed, said *Badman*, I always delight-
ed in the Description of the Place;
but I never knew the direct Road to
it; tho' I would do any thing in the
World to get at it. O! Sir, said
they, this is the only Way! We are
bound thither ourselves, and should
be glad of your Company. I hum-
bly thank you, Gentlemen; and em-
brace your Offer with all my Heart.
So they went on, talking of one thing
or another, and what a fine Place
they

they were going to, 'till they began to grow more intimate, and then they opened themselves without Reserve, as to the Reason of their undertaking the Journey.

They tell
the Reason
of
their
Journey.

FOR my Part, said Mr. *Prodigal*, what with Gaming, Whoring, and other Extravagancies, I have consumed almost all my Estate, and if I don't succeed in this Journey, I shall be thrown into a Gaol; but I believe there is no Fear of succeeding, for my Friend, Sir *Timothy Take-bribe*, who was in my Case before he went to *Greatness*, has made a good Hand of it there; and he tells me, that if a Man but work hard, and will not boggle at small Difficulties, he need not fear: And let me alone for Industry, for I'll do any thing I am set about.

THAT'S not my Case, said Mr. *Proudman*; I have as good an Estate as any of my Neighbours, but am vexed to see a Parcel of upstart Block-heads in my Neighbourhood, called *my Lord, &c.* and go strutting about with

with Badges on their Sides, like *Charity-Children*. I am as good as any of them, and am resolv'd to be as great, if possible. If I could but get a Title and a Necklace, I should be satisfy'd; I'd do any thing to get them.

THEY are pretty Things, indeed, said *Badman*; but I want to get something to live upon; for I was forced, for my own Safety, to quit what little I had, for some Things I had been guilty of, which might have proved very troublesome to me.

Thus they went on communing, 'till they came to a Place where a Path turned out of the high Road on the Left-hand; at the End of which there stood a Way-Post, with these Lines on it, in Sight of a sumptuous Castle:

They
come to a
Lane
which
leads to
Vice
Castle.

*The weary Traveller, up this Lane,
Queen Vice doth kindly entertain.*

PRODIGAL and Proudman said,
That, for their Parts, they were in
Haste, and would not go out of the
C direct

direct Road upon any Account. But *Badman*, who was very much fatigued with his Journey, having wearied himself very much in following *Truth*, and in attempting to pass *Honesty-Hill*, said, That tho' he had been once led out of the Way, he had a great Mind to try the Hospitality of the People of the Castle (for it seems he always loved good Cheer) and that he was unable to go any farther without resting, and as the Path seemed a good Path, he was resolved to go.

Badman
leaves his
new Com-
panions.

So bidding them Good-by, he parted with them, and went up the Lane. They called after him to come back, for they liked his Company; but he stopped his Ears with his Fingers, and ran as hard as he could! So when they found it was in vain to call to him, they said he was a Fool, and went on their Way; and I saw no more of them for that Time.

Badman
comes to
Vice-
Castle.

AND I saw that *Badman* had by this Time got to the Gate, at which he

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he knocked heartily. The Porter asked, Who's there? A poor Traveller to *Greatness*, (said *Badman*) who, having heard of the Fame of the Lady of this Castle for Hospitable Entertainment of Strangers, begs to be admitted. So the Porter let him in, and conducted him into a great Hall, where sat the Queen, whose Name was *VICE*. She was seated on a Throne of Gold, richly adorned with all Manner of Precious Stones, and was attended upon by *Avarice*, *Envy*, *Discord*, and *Falshood*, and was distributing Favours to those who served her well.

BEHIND the Throne, I saw a meagre Person endeavouring to conceal himself from the Company, which he did so well, that very few of them saw him at that Time: By his Figure I knew him to be *Death*; he had in his Hands Ropes, Axes, Daggers, &c.

WHEN the Queen saw *Badman*,^{His Audience of the Queen.} she asked him, Who he was? Whence he came? and Whither he was bound?

bound? He answered, his Name was *Badman*; that he came from the Country of *Dumpling*, and was going to *Greatness-Hill*; but having heard of her hospitable Entertainment of Travellers, he desired to be lodged there that Night. She asked him, If he was willing to serve her? And would be lifted as one of her faithful Soldiers? He answered and said, He was very willing, and hoped for her royal Passport to *Greatness-Hill*. Upon which he was tendered the Oaths, which he took. She then told him, She would well reward him if he was diligent in her Service; which he promised to be. Then she had an elegant Supper prepared for her new Guest, and all Sorts of Wine and Musick; when, after having supped, he was conducted to his Chamber, where he lodged that Night.

BEING desirous of making Haste on his Journey, he rose early, and went to take his Leave of the Queen, who was also unlike most Ladies, an early Riser: But she told him, He must

must not go 'till he had seen the Curiosities of her Palace.

THE first Place she led him into, was the *Library*, wherein were contained, in several Volumes, the Registers and Records of all the Men who had made themselves famous at *Greatness-Hill*, by their Diligence in the Service of *Queen Vice*; some of these were always read to Strangers: That, which was read to *Badman*, happened to be the Chronicle of the Transactions of several of the Family of the *Badmen*, to whom he was nearly related.

As soon as the Queen knew he was descended in a right Line from a Family that had always well served her, she was mightily pleased, and, recommending to him the Example of his renowned Predecessors, told him, That she foresaw he would be a Great Man. These Words were very grateful to *Badman*, who was naturally ambitious, and encouraged him in the Difficulties he afterwards met with.

SHE

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SHE then took down a Roll of Parchment, which she said contained Instructions for his Journey up *Greatness-Hill*, which she read to him.

As near as I can remember, some of them were little short Sentences, such as, *Stick at nothing. Get Money, my Son. Interest is above Duty. Self is better than one's Country. Look not back. Take Bribes, and communicate; & multum aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est:*

SHE then asked his Opinion of them? He said, He very much approved of them, and would strictly follow them. So he took the Roll, and put it up carefully in his Bosom.

*Q. Vice gives Bad-
man a Roll
of Instruc-
tions.*

*The Ar-
moury.*

SHE then led him into the Armoury, where she equipped him with the Cap of *Affurance*, the Shield of *Craftiness*, and a *Golden Spear*: These, she told him, would be of great Service to him in the rest of his Pilgrimage, and to enable him to perform

perform what was contained in the Roll.

SHE then took him into the Store-^{The Store house,}house, where there was great Variety of curious Machines and Instruments, for the Use of Chief Ministers, particularly *Grid-irons, Sponges, Cups and Balls, Hocus-Pocus Wands*, and other juggling Instruments : Also several Bags full of little Pictures set in Gold, and a great Number of pretty showy Things called *Golden Promises*, tho' I observed that these last had several Cracks and Flaws in them, These *Vice* told him, when he had got to the Top of the Hill, he would have Occasion for, and she would take Care he should have them ; but as yet he had no Need of them.

THUS having seen all the Curiosities of the Palace, he took his Leave ^{Badman}of the Queen, and proceeded on his ^{goes on his}Journey.

AFTER he had gone a considerable Way, without meeting with any Thing particular, he at last came to

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Meets
with the
Dragon
Conscience.

a Place, in the middle of the Road, where there was a Well, and by it lay a monstrous *Dragon*, called *Conscience*, who assaulted every one that attempted to go by, and would not let any body come near the Well. As soon as he saw *Badman*, he rous'd himself up, and stared furiously upon him, as if he would devour him. *Badman*, at Sight of this, was terribly frighted, and began to wish himself safe at *Dampling* again. He was afraid to go either forward or backward; which the Dragon perceiving, made up to him. *Badman* was just going to fly, when he happened to cast his Eye on an Inscription which was upon the Well, in these Words:

Drink of this Well, which *Conscience* here doth keep,
For *Gold* or *Wine* will make this *Dragon* sleep.

UPON this, *Badman*, trusting to his *Golden Spear*, began to take Heart, and put himself in a Posture of Defence, when the Dragon began to attack him. The Fight was dreadful

They
fight.

to

to behold; the Dragon vomiting out Fire and Brimstone, which almost suffocated *Badman*; and, with a Sting which he had in his Tail, gave him several Wounds, which put him to much Pain.

BADMAN could not for a long Time order it so, as to touch his Enemy with his Golden Spear, his Body being armed over with impenetrable Scales, which made his Strokes recoil. But at last, observing a Place *Badman* under one of his Wings, which seemed penetrable, he made a Thrust at him, and touched him to the Quick. overcomes the Dragon, and drinks some of the Water. The Dragon soon found the Effect of the Golden Touch, and began to decline the Combat; which *Badman* suffering him to do, he quietly laid himself down by the Well, and fell fast asleep. *Badman* then went to the Well, and drew up some of the Water, and took a hearty Draught, which The Effect the Water had upon he had no sooner done, than he found himself quite easy and pleasant, his Wounds were cured, and he had got rid of the few Remains of several *Badman* D trouble-

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troublesome Doubts and Objections, which had, till then, at Times, made him dull and thoughtful; and being now lightened of all his Cares, and the Dragon in a profound Sleep, never likely to disturb him more, he began to plot and lay Schemes for climbing up the *Hill of Greatness*, and how to behave himself when there. And so he went on the rest of his Journey very merrily, 'till upon putting his Hand into his Bosom, to feel for his Roll, he missed it.

He loses
his Roll.

This made him take on very heavily; and despairing of Success in his Journey without it, he presently conjectured, that he must have dropped it in his Fight with the Dragon *Conscience*, and therefore made all the Haste he could back to the Well; and there, to his great Joy, he saw his Roll lie, and the Dragon fast asleep, as he had left him. He ran and took it up, and put it carefully into his Bosom again, and went on his Way, rejoicing and singing,

And finds it.

Success,

*Success, I find, does all my Ways
attend,*

*O! may it do so, to my Journey's
End.*

THUS he went on, 'till he came to the Foot of *Greatness-Hill*, from whence the Summit appeared very beautiful.

Now the *Hill* being very steep, there were several Benches for Passengers to rest upon, and by each of them stood a Tree which bore *Golden Fruit*, some less, some more; tho' I observed, the nearer the Trees were to the Top of the Hill, the more loaden they were with Fruit. On the Top of the Hill there stood a great House, which I understood was the Governor's; near it there was a great Orchard or Plantation of these Sorts of Trees, which were all of them heavily loaden with Fruit.

Now the Fruit looked very tempting, and there were great Crowds of People standing at the Foot of the

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Hill, who longed to taste the Fruit ; among these was *Badman*, who, drawing nearer to the Hill, found there was a great miry dirty Slough between the Travellers and the Hill, through which lay the only Road to the Hill. Now this Slough was called the *Slough of Preferment*. And I observed, that at certain Times, those Persons who had even passed the Slough, and rested upon the Benches, came down from their Seats with the Chief Servant to do *dirty Work* for him in the *Slough*.

The
Slough of
Preferment

Badman
goes to
work in
the
Slough.

BADMAN longed to be moving up the Hill; so he pulled his Roll out, and read something to himself, and then called to the Chief Servant, and desired to be admitted to do *dirty Work* for him in the *Slough*; who granted him Leave. He then, without Delay, boldly stepped in, and was up to his Knees in Mire, the first Step; but, not dismay'd, began to lay about him so busily that he soon caused himself to be taken Notice of by the Chief Servant, for his Courage and Dexterity in doing *dirty Work*,

Work, and wading through thick and thin: So that, when every one had done his Work, the Chief Servant took *Badman* a little Way with him up the Hill, and placed him on a Bench, calling him a good Servant, and bidding him rest himself there. Ascends the Hill.

Now there was a Tree, just by this Bench, which bore a little of the Golden Fruit I have mentioned, and no sooner had the Chief Servant turned his Back, but *Badman* fell to pulling all the Pippins within his Reach, and to fling Stones at what he could not reach, till he left hardly one Apple on the Tree; and greedily devouring all his Maw could bear, he put the rest in his Pockets, which were both deep and wide.

AND now having tasted of this delicious Fruit, he longed to get at some Trees higher up the Hill, and which had more Fruit upon them than that he had stripped; and so doubled his Diligence to please the Chief Servant; and he used to go frequently

frequently of his own Accord into the Slough to do dirty Work for him, which greatly pleased the Chief Servant; so that he helped *Badman* higher up the Hill, and rested at several Benches, 'till he had plucked himself large Quantities of Fruit; and then helped him up higher; 'till at last he got about the middle of the Hill.

Badman
falls into
the Den
of Lions.

BUT when he was got here, there happened an unlucky Accident; for while he was very busy in filling his Pockets with the Golden Pippins that grew within his Reach, being too greedy, for Want of good Caution, his Foot slipped, and he fell down the Hill into a *Den of Lions* which was at the Bottom. But he being reserved for another Doom, the Lions were prevented from hurting him, having happily been put into different Cells, and muzzled some Time before, and their Claws pared.

BUT while he was among these Cells, I observed, that there came unto him a Woman with a Pair of Scales

Scales in one Hand, and a drawn Sword in the other, whose Name was *Justice*. She came up to *Badman*, and, charging him with Pillaging the Trees, and other Crimes, lifted her Hand up, as if she would kill him. *Badman* endeavoured to frighten her, by putting on his Cap of *Assurance*, and insisted upon his Innocence; but he found this would not avail him: He then had Recourse to his Shield of *Craftiness*, and pretended that she was mistaken in her Man: But neither would this do. When, just as she was going to strike, a Fellow-Labourer in the Slough with *Badman*, who thought him an useful Hand, and happened at that Time to be near, stepp'd up to her, and, she having taken off her Hoodwink, which she usually wore, being no Respector of Persons, that she might strike the furer Blow, blew a great deal of Dust in her Eyes, which blinded her for a Time; and *Badman*, taking this Opportunity, at the same Time gave her a home Thrust with his Golden Spear; and instantly her Sword dropp'd out of her Hand; and while she

*Badman
over-
comes
Justice.*

*Goes to
his own
Country.*

she was rubbing her Eyes, and de-
ploring her Wound, *Badman*, by ano-
ther Stroke with his Golden Spear,
laid the Keeper quiet, and, seizing
the Keys, let himself out of the Den
of Lions. But he was so affrighted
with his narrow Escape, and being
afraid of being called to Account for
this new Misdemeanour, that he did
not attempt to ascend the Hill again,
but went directly down into his own
Country, (the *Land of Dumplings*)
taking with him a large Quantity of
Golden Pippins; for he knew that
the People of this Country were great
Lovers of this Kind of Fruit.

By skilfully making handsome
Presents of these *Golden Pippins* among
the People of that Land, he acquired
a great many Friends; his old Pranks
were forgotten; and he was well e-
steemed by them for the Sake of his
Pippins.

HAVING lived in Retirement here
some Time, he began to grow weary
of a Life so unsuitable to his Acti-
vity;

vity; and whenever he thought of the fine Orchard of Golden Pippins on the Top of the Hill, it made his Mouth water, and he longed to be plucking some of them again: For, in short, his Stock of Golden Pippins decreased very much. Wherefore, resolving to be no longer idle, but to try his Fortune once more, he again undertook the Journey; and now being acquainted with the Way, he soon passed *Vice-Road*, and came once more to the dirty *Slough of Preference*; to which he had brought all his Family and Relations also; and Cousins, and Cousins Cousins, even to the nineteenth Generation.

Badman goes to Greatness-Hill once more, with all his Relations.

HERE he found all Hands at Work in the Slough, and, plunging in, began to lay about him as before: Which pleased the Chief Servant so well, that he took him up the Hill again, and never left removing him, till he had brought him with him almost to the Top of the Hill, where he continued some Time devouring Golden Pippins, and replenishing his Pockets; and even tossing down great

Badman gets near to the Top of the Hill.

E

Quan-

Quantities, which were picked up by his numerous Relations ; who being unused to such delicious Fruit, devoured them with surprising Greediness.

He gets
quite to
the Top.

Now it happened, that once upon a Time, by some Means or other, the Chief Servant left his Bench. Upon which *Badman*, being pretty near it, whipped into it, and this Bench joined to the Great Orchard.

Longs for
the Peo-
ple's Gol-
den Pip-
pins.

Now when *Badman* had thus got to the Top of the Hill, he looked round him, and saw that the People of the Land had got a great many of these Golden Pippin Trees in their Gardens, and particularly the People of the City of *Wealth*, near to which the *Hill of Greatness* was. He presently thought, how happy he should be, if he could but get all those Trees transplanted into his own Garden.

His At-
tempt to
get them
all.

He told his Wish to a great many of his Friends, who engaged to assist him, if he would give them some of the Fruit, which he promised. Having no other Way, but to frighten and terrify the People of that rich City,

City, he sought far and near, and at last brought from beyond the Seas, to the *Slough of Preferment*, within View of every one, a monstrous frightful Beast, the like whereof had never before been seen in that Country. *Badman* and his Friends then set all their Wits at Work, to persuade the People of the Land to admit and maintain this horrible strange Beast; telling them, it was a poor harmless Creature, that would not hurt any one alive; and for his Diet, it was to have nothing but *Tobacco* and *Wine*, of which they had great Plenty. But it looked so frightful, that the People were sore afraid of it; and whatever *Badman* and his Followers pretended, they were sure he was designed to devour all their Golden Pippins, Trees and all: They therefore declared to those who guarded them and their Golden Pippins, that they would not admit this voracious Monster among them.

A monstrous Beast procured to frighten the People out of their Golden Pippin Trees

The People don't like the Beast.

AMONG those who opposed *Badman's* Project, I saw several of those that I had before seen in *Virtue Lane*.

28 *The Statesman's Progress: Or,*

These plainly told *Badman*, and his Followers, that the People of the Land did not like the Beast, and would not have it. But they said they *should* have it. Upon which a smart Combat ensued, in which *Badman* and his Followers were worsted, and the Beast was slain; and the People, when they heard that the Beast was slain, were greatly pleased, and made Bonfires, and rejoiced exceedingly.

The Beast
slain.

BADMAN was sadly vexed to see his Project thus miscarry; but yet was not discouraged; for he saw his Friends increase daily, and every one claimed Kindred to him, by reason of his Golden Pippins; and, with their Help, he hoped one Day or other to make himself Master of all the Golden Pippin Trees in the Land.

Now it happened, that, some Time after this, there arose a great Quarrel between the People of the Land, and some People on the other Side of the Water, who would search all the

The Peo-
ple quar-
rel with
their
Neigh-
bours.

the

The People of the Land's Boats they met with, pretending that they had robb'd their Orchard of their Fruit; and they took a great many of their Boats from them; and this provoked the People of the Land so, that they cry'd, We will fight them. Let us fight them. But *Badman* would not let them fight, because the Governor of those People was his very good Friend; so he sent his Brother over to them to make it up: And he returned, bringing with him a Box of Pills for the People of the Land to take; and *Badman* persuaded the People to take the Pills, telling them, they were good for them; but those who knew their Composition said, they were very bad, and in no wise good for the Constitution of the People. And the Keepers of the People's Golden Pippin Trees (who very well knew what was good for them) would not suffer them to be imposed upon by such Trash; and they told *Badman* and his Friends, that the People *should not* take the Pills; but they said they *should*; upon which there arose a great Skirmish; but
they

The Statesman's Progress : Or,

Badman
gives the
People
Pills,
which
makes
them sick.

A Lion
sent out
to fight.

Badman
ties the
Lion's
Paws.

Badman and his Friends were too strong for the Keepers of the People's Golden Pippin Trees, and they made the People take the Pills; and they were very angry; for they soon found that they did not agree with them, but they lay heavy at their Stomachs, and they could not digest them, and made them extremely sick; and they cursed *Badman* for making them sick. And when they were a little recovered, they complained to the Governor of the Land, how that the People on the other Side of the Water took their Boats, and desired to fight them: And the Governor called them Good Lads, and gave them Leave to fight with them; and the Governor took one of his Lions out of the Den, and sent him to fight the People on the other Side of the Water: But *Badman*, who loved his Friend on the other Side of the Water, did all he could to prevent the Lion from going, but could not: And *Badman* sent after the Lion, and tied his Paws, that he should not hurt his Friend; and when the Lion found that his Paws were tied, he
roared

A Pilgrimage to Greatness.

31

roared greatly, and cried, Let go my Paws! Untie my Paws, and I'll tear them to Pieces: But those that were with him could not. So, having fatigued his Spirits with Roaring, he laid himself down, and fell asleep.

AND there went out another Lion, and this Lion fell upon the Enemy, and tore many of them in Pieces, and took a great Quantity of their Golden Pippins, and gave them to his Friends that were with him: And when the People of the Land heard what this valiant Lion had done, they were very glad, and made Rejoicings: But *Badman* was sorry for his Friend's Sake; and when this Lion wanted another Lion to assist him, he would not let him have one for a great While, being in hopes that the *Jack-anapes's*, which the Governor of the People on the other Side of the Water had sent out, might destroy him: But at last, when *Badman* could not prevent it any longer, there went another Lion to him. And still another notable old Lion was going out:
But

Another
Lion sent.

He beats
the Enemy
my.

Badman
keeps
back
another
Lion.

The Peo-
ple hate
Badman.

Endea-
vour to
throw him
down, in
vain.

But *Badman* caught him by the Tail, and brought him back.

By these, and many other Actions, *Badman* became odious to the People of the Land: But, it happened once upon a Time, that they set up a great Cry, and called to those who were on the Top of the Hill, to throw *Badman* down; but *Badman's* Friends would not let him be thrown down, and they held him up.

So *Badman* triumphed over his Enemies, and his Friends shouted for Joy, and made a great Noise; and the People murmured.

So I awoke, and found it was a Dream.

F I N I S.

